

Of Jocks and Wetsuits

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Summary: Jonathan Slade and Pierce Tencil always hated each other, but that doesn't mean they can't get it on from time to time. AN:

This is it; the most obscure fandom I've ever written fic for. Wow.

Rated T for now. (Fandom: "Subterfuge", a movie from the distant year of 1996.)

Of Jocks and Wetsuits

"We need to talk", Tencil said, giving Jonathan one of those half-smiles that revealed nothing.

They were apparently "partners" now, but it just didn't sit right with Jonathan to be working together with that guy, not after years upon years of competition. Nevertheless, he looked up from whatever his brother Alfie was doing on the computer (which he didn't understand anyway) to face Tencil in the doorway.

"Yeah sure", Jonathan replied, still mildly amused that Tencil wanted his help after all these years. Or, maybe it was like he said; that it wasn't his decision? Either way, it was amusing.

"In private." Tencil shot Alfie an annoyed glance before turning on his heel, expecting Jonathan to follow him out the room, which he would, after stretching and standing up from his seat as slowly as possible.

"Now remember, Alfie; if there's anything you need, don't hesitate to ask our new friends here, aight?", he mused as he gave his little brother a hard "pat" on the back, causing the younger to lurch forward from the impact.

"Oh, real funny. But now that you mention itâ€", Alfie lifted his gaze from the computer screen to look at Tencil, who was barely able to conceal his impatience. "You think one of your guys could fix me a Slurpee or something? Wait, noâ€" a Mocha latte? Or... both?"

"\_Sure\_", Tencil said through clenched teeth before giving Jonathan another forced smile. "Now let's go."

\* \* \*

><p>Even though Jonathan started out trying to be friends with Tencil, he'd quickly realized that wasn't an option. No, trying to be friendly with the man you always kept beating in every contest didn't work so well, especially coming from a winner with such an attitude as Jonathan's. Even back then, he gave off a slacker-vibe; as if he'd succeed at anything he did without even trying, and then being surprised when people got mad or jealous at him. Though, since Alfie was the only one to ever actually bring it up, he never took it too seriously.<p>

He'd long since given up on trying to be nice to Tencil, since the blond made it clear right away that Jonathan's friendly gestures wouldn't be reciprocated. No use wasting your time on those kinda people, he figured. Even still, both of their individual roads through life had sometimes stopped their winding on several occasions; leading the two men back to each other, much to Jonathan's arrogant amusement and Tencil's great disdain.

Jonathan was disappointed in the beginning, sure, since he couldn't recall anyone he met that didn't like him, before Tencil came around and rocked the foundation. Only slightly, though. The scrawny blond teenager who'd kept trying to sabotage Jonathan's equipment, steal things from his locker, "accidentally" trip him onto the bathhouse floor in an effort to have him sprain his ankle, never had Jonathan all that bothered.

\_I understand you're jealous of me, Pierce\_, he'd told him after one such incident. \_Some people's physique is just naturally better than others'. Maybe try doing some push-ups? \_Jonathan had patted him on the back before flexing his muscles, to the amazement of the rest of their peers, who had kept hooting and high-fiving Jonathan for the rest of that day. And that was the day, THE day, that Tencil realized he wasn't just annoyed at Jonathan; he \_hated\_ him with every fibre of his scrawny little being.

Somewhere along the line, though, that blond, scrawny and livid kid had grown up to be a blond, lanky and livid \_man\_, suddenly in a position of power, as if to compensate for all those years he was mistreated and never got to realize his full potential as each and every time, Jonathan came and snagged the gold medal from him.

\_That stupid meathead!\_ Only good he ever did was leave Tencil the hell alone after a contest instead of rubbing his stupid, undeserved victory in his face. With those huge muscles, how could Jonathan \_not\_ win? It was basically cheating, and Tencil had even told him that once, when they were alone in the locker-room after another practice session. He'd briskly walked up to Jonathan and started on a tirade about how his unfair advantage ruined it for everyone else, Jonathan had finally turned around to face him (a look on his face that said: \_Are we really doing this again?\_), and for some reason, Tencil's eyes shot downward before he could think to stop it, and his gaze fell upon Jonathan's chiseled pectoral muscles, glistening with a mix of sweat and pool water. Tencil also noted how the droplets of water dribbled down the other man's chest onto his six-packed torso

and that he, regrettably, became transfixed by the display before him; Jonathan Slade: alpha male, the perfect picture of beauty in a man. Everything Tencil was not.

Without thinking, he'd let his gaze wander further down and just when he realized his mistake, his eyes came to rest on the towel wrapped snugly around Jonathan's waist. Thank fuck the towel had been there, or Tencil might've had to confront the other reason why he kept honing in on Jonathan of all people.

Nevertheless, his breath had caught in his throat as his eyes darted to and fro, desperately trying to pretend like he hadn't just checked him out. It seemed like Jonathan hadn't even listened to his complaints before, as he simply arched one eyebrow at Tencil's change in demeanor, before something seemed to dawn on him. His smile grew and Tencil couldn't make out if it was an actual smile or a smirk, only that it made his heart race and that he had to get out of there.

So you're into that, huh, Pierce, Jonathan had said, a touch of surprised amusement in his tone of voice. It wasn't even a question so much as an affirmation of what he knew was true; what they both knew was true.

Before he could be questioned any further, Tencil shoved him aside as he furiously stormed out of the locker-room, choosing not to think about any of the realizations he'd just had. No, that Jonathan Slade was just a moronic meathead after all; all brawn and no brain. Nothing to be attracted to. Plus, he fucking hated it when he called him Pierce.

After that... situation, Tencil had called in sick to numerous practice sessions, even though he was just itching to get back in the pool. But he couldn't risk facing Jonathan again until he was absolutely sure the guy would've forgotten all about Tencil's wandering eyes. He spent all those days at home, staring up at the ceiling where he lay in bed, certain he would die from the mere memory of it all any day now.

Eventually, his parents had threatened to stop paying the fee for his place in the team if he didn't go back there, so in the end, he didn't have a choice but to go and face the armada of brainless jocks and their even more brainless admirers. Jonathan would've told them all about the incident in the locker-room by now, no doubt. They'd all laugh at or be disgusted with him, the coach would kick him off the team and he'd never get into the Olympics. His parents would disown him, he was sure. Not that he liked them that much anyway, but it would be so inconvenient.

But to his surprise and, for some reason, aggravation, Jonathan never acted differently towards him after that. One would think that the stupid meathead had forgotten all about their confrontation by the way he was being his usual, nonchalant and easy-going self, and none of the others seemed to care either. The only reasonable explanation for this would be that Jonathan never did tell any of the others or the coach and for once, Tencil felt mildly grateful.

He still refused looking Jonathan in the eyes, however, not wanting to risk turning into the flustered mess he'd become in the locker-room again.

Finally, Tencil had started to put the whole thing behind him, after all, the next big competition was coming up and he wouldn't tolerate losing to that idiot again. His fighting spirit was back and he no longer avoided Jonathan's gaze; as if that moron would even remember what happened between them anymore. Like he wasn't occupied with hanging out with his hotshot buddies and his multiple, big-titted girlfriends out on that fucking yacht he'd once bragged about owning. (\_I bet he's just borrowing it from his dad or something. That freeloader!) \_Of course he wouldn't remember Tencil accidentally outing himself in front of him. No, he had more \_important\_ things to do in his perfect little life than put that on his memory.

Tencil supposed he should've been glad that Jonathan forgot about it, and he had been, for a while, but in the end it just served as proof of how Jonathan thought he was \_oh\_-so much better and more important than him. He didn't even have time to remember thingsâ€ He didn't even \_care\_.

The other guys had been standing at the poolside after training was over one day, talking amongst themselves about the same stupid shit they always did, and Jonathan, of course, was in the center. As Tencil got out of the pool after one last extra lap, he was just about to pass the group and give Jonathan his best evil-eye, when he noticed something different; Jonathan met his gaze.

Tencil froze for a bit as he swore he saw Jonathan's features almost... soften a little bit. He looked almost kind in that moment. Sure, the guy was \_always\_ smiling about something, but it never seemed genuine the way it did now. Jonathan gave him a slight nod, not in a patronizing way, not trying to mock him. As he saw Jonathan stand there in the throng of his other jock friends, who were too occupied in their chat to even give Tencil a passing glance, he somehow knew that Jonathan hadn't forgotten the locker-room incident. For the first time since they'd first met, the stupid meathead acknowledged Tencil. \_Really\_ acknowledged him, without simultaneously trying to trump the blond's every effort. He never said anything, but the look in Jonathan's eyes let Tencil know that his secret was safe with him.

This time, he was well and truly grateful. Of course he wasn't going to admit it, though, instead he just swallowed thickly before averting his gaze and finally walking down into the locker-room, leaving the jocks to themselves.

Things went back to normal after that, with Tencil sometimes trying to sabotage for Jonathan, who never took it seriously. Even though they didn't like each other, they still kept their silent agreement and never spoke about the incident again.

At least not until next time they were alone in the locker-room, post training, and Jonathan offered to take Tencil's virginity, his excuse being to "ease him up" a little. After some initial caution and hissed questions of how the hell Jonathan knew he was a virgin, Tencil had taken him up on his offer and with that, it became their tradition.

End  
file.